NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 4—VOL. XVIII. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1806. NO. 899.

THE WANDERER:

A TALE.

Let Winter come! let popal spirits sweep
The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Trim the gay taper in the rustic dome,
And light the wint'ry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!

CAMPBELL'S '*Pleasures of Hope.*'

SAD and dreary is the winter night to him who sits in his lonely dwelling and hears the storm raging without, the hail and snow drifting upon his roof: his house stands on the moor, far from the abodes of men, and it seems like the little bark upon the tempestuous ocean, the sport of the warring elements.

I resided a few weeks, last winter, in a farm-house, in the neighborhood of Lanark, on the pleasant banks of the Clyde. With my friend Mrs. Smith and her amiable family, I scarcely felt that it was winter. When we were seated round the cheerful hearth, we strove to heighten each others joy, and beguile the night with pleasing tales of other times. Sometimes we called in the village minstrel, and closed the evening with music and dancing; sometimes we visited the kitchen, to see the simple mirth of the honest rustics, as they crowded round the blazing fire. One night while we partook of their diversions, the snow fell heavily, and none durst venture abroad. As the hail beat with violence upon the windows, we spoke with sympathy of those who were obliged to travel, and pitied their comfortless state. While we listened to the blast that rose and fell, in one of the intervals, I thought I heard a heavy groan, and a short time after, a gentle knock at the door. "Who comes at this hour?" said my friend, turning to me. "Perhaps it is somebody in distress; run, James and open the door." James rose, and as the door opened, a voice of complaint was heard, "O, is there any shelter for the wretched here? I am an old man, wandering without a home in this awful night; suffer me to sit at your fire-side for a little while." "Let him come in, James," said Mr. Smith;—"this is not a time to turn any body away."—James led the old man in, and shut the door. He was faint with the buffeting of the storm. We seated him by the fire, and he was indeed a most interesting figure: an old blue coat hung round his shoulders; his face was lean and pale, but manly and expressive; his locks were hoary and were covered with light flakes of snow; he threw aside his cloak, and underneath he was but meanly cloathed. As he looked round upon us, I perceived that tears ran down his cheeks: my eyes were fixed upon him, and I thought perhaps they might be the expression of his gratitude for his being received among us. When the snow began to melt, his hair was dripping and wet, and Mrs. Smith put a cloth about his shoulders that he might not feel uncomfortable. He looked in her face most gratefully. "You are kind, Madam, (said he,) very kind, I am unable to reward you, but your own feeling heart will be delighted with acts of kindness, and that is a full reward." I was interested in the old man from the moment he entered, and I whispered Mrs. Smith that I should like to hear his story, and what had forced him out in such a night. After getting him some refreshment, and when he was a little composed, Mrs Smith said to him, "My young friend here is anxious to know what necessity has forced you to expose yourself to this stormy night." "You have been kind to me, Madam, and you have a right to know, to whom you have shown attention; my story is a sorrowful one, but I shall feel a melancholy pleasure in relating it to you.

"My name is Richard Morison. I was born in the neighborhood of Glasgow, my father was a farmer, I was his only child, and as I grew up, he taught me to bear a part in his labours. He was very fond of me, and I was of course much attached to him. My mother was a very good woman, and she and my father lived very happily together. I shall pass over some years of my life in which nothing happened interesting. I became acquainted with the management of the farm, and my father was happy in thinking that he should leave me a comfortable independence. When he died, I was left to conduct a large establishment, and comfort my mother, who was now in the decline of life: poor woman, she needed not my attentions long, for she died two years after my father. I was now very lonely, and with all my engagements, I could not keep my mind from becoming gloomy and dispirited, when I saw how vain every thing was here.—With all my kind attentions, I could not detain any longer those who had nourished and brought me up. I saw them depart: followed them to the grave, and returned sad and sorrowful. I visited a few families in the neighborhood, they cheered and consoled me, and remembering that it was the lot of humanity, I became reconciled to my fate. I was intimate in the family of a Mrs. Somerville, she was an old acquaintance of my mother's, and she, good woman, had a sort of maternal care over me. A young woman came to live with her about this time, a Miss Campbell. I had frequent opportunities of seeing, (and none could see without admiring) the gentle and engaging manners of Jean Campbell. I soon became attached to her, and after an acquaintance of some months, with the consent of her parents, we were married. She had no fortune, but she had a heart and disposition that were a sufficient treasure. The pleasing simplicity, and affectionate tenderness of my dear wife, filled up the blank which had been made in my society by the death of my dear parents. Yet I often regretted that I had not been allowed to present my simple Jean, and ask for her a parent's blessing.

Seven or eight years passed happily away—my farm was flourishing, and my domestic comforts were increased; two girls and a boy graced our board, and I had a continual feast in observing my wife's affectionate attentions to my children. Those were happy days; I think I see my little Thomas upon my knee, and Elizabeth and Nancy clinging round their mother: excuse these tears: when I recollect what is past, it seems like a delightful vision which has come over my mind, and now I feel nothing of its reality, but the painful traces it has left. My little boy had a generous disposition, and we encouraged it by furnishing him with the means of gratifying it. If he saw any body poor and helpless, he would instantly part with what he had to relieve them. His eye glistened with the tear of pity as he ran to state the case of the needy to his mother, and she mingled her pity with his, and wept with him over distress which she could not relieve. In my Elizabeth, I saw with delight her mother's frank ingenuous manners: she resembled her in person, and her face was enlightened with the same bewitching smile.—My youngest daughter, Nancy, was more reserved, her worth did not appear upon a slight acquaintance, but she had great sensibility, and a heart warm and affectionate; grief made a deep impression upon her mind, and gave a grave cast to her air and manners. In this delightful society I spent some happy years, but, perhaps, I was too much elated, and forgot that the choicest blessings are lent only for a day, and should be enjoyed with moderation. I was happy, and did not look forward to the day of distress.

My wife and her daughter were sometimes in Glasgow, to visit a friend there. Elizabeth became acquainted with a young man from America; her mother was pleased with his manners, and invited him to come and see us frequently: he embraced her offer, and he and Elizabeth soon became attached to each other. Mr. Brown was a young man, of a pleasing appearance and insinuating manners. He gave himself out for having a considerable property in New-York, where, he said, his father lived, and he came to Glasgow to see some friends of his mother's, who had been some years dead. My wife objected to his connection with Elizabeth, on the grounds of her being removed from us; but he obviated this objection, by proposing to live beside her friends, and his father would manage his affairs and make remittances to him. Soothed into a belief that all would be well, and enquiring little more about him, we accepted him as a son-in-law; but happy for us, and happy for our Elizabeth, had we never known him. They took a house beside us, and a twelvemonth passed pleasantly away. About this time, he said it would be necessary to return to New-York, to settle some business which could not be done without his being present. He went, after taking an affectionate leave of his wife and infant, and was heard of no more. In vain did we apply to his friends in Glasgow, they knew little or nothing of him, and could give us no guide by which we could trace him. We took home our Elizabeth and her little boy, but her spirits sunk under this unexpected blow. He had promised to write to her in a month after they parted; but nine tedious months of awful suspence passed, and still no tidings from her husband.—She saw nobody, even her mother could not comfort her; she hung over her child, and wept incessantly. The distress of mind which she endured brought on a consumption, and I had the pain of observing her wasting before my eyes. Two years after his departure, she reached the end of all her earthly troubles, and for her years they had been many.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE HEROIC LOVER.

(Concluded.)

Don Melos at length became informed of the circumstances, and the researches making for the suspected person. He immediately resolved to cause himself to be taken for Don Francesco. He confided his pretended secret to a person whom he knew would betray him. He was accordingly arrested, thrown into a dungeon, heavily loaded with irons; and it was even deliberated whether he should not be torn limb from limb in Brasil, without being sent to Portugal. It was at last determined to write to M. d'Oeyras, who, in the hope of discovering some new accomplices, directed that the prisoner should be sent to Portugal. The supposed don Francesco who was accordingly sent home. He was treated in the most barbarous manner during the voyage; and was for a long time confined in a dungeon, without any thing being obtained from him except that he was don Francesco.

This firmness and secrecy rendered M. d'Oeyras desirous to see and interrogate him. He caused him to be brought to him by night; but was struck with astonishment when he recognized don Melos.

"Unhappy youth!" cried he, "do you know what tortures you have exposed yourself to? Do you know that under the name of don Francesco you were in the most imminent danger of being torn asunder by horses in the Brasils?"

"I know it well," replied don Melos; "I was fully aware of my danger, yet I braved it all. Any punishment is less dreadful to me than the misery of living at a distance from her I love. I can no longer resist the violence of my passion; I must see her again, or die.

The minister listened in silence: so heroic a passion gained the ascendancy over his heart, insensible as it was, and, for the first time in his life, he felt a generous emotion. He surveyed the youth with eyes of compassion——

"It is just," said he, "that so much love should receive the reward it deserves. I will go myself and speak to the family of donna Maria, obtain your pardon and hers, and negociate your marriage."

These words recompensed don Melos for all his sufferings. The object of his affection had remained faithful to him. She had refused many offers, and had retired into a convent, resolved there to end her days. The minister, who had employed his power in doing the mischief, was fortunate enough to repair it. Donna Maria married her lover; and every attempt to express their happiness can only tend to enfeeble the idea which may be formed of it by hearts of sensibility. This history, which is neither exaggerated nor altered from the truth in any circumstance, proves how much nature will ever exceed fiction. How much does Don Melos exceed in energy and greatness of mind, the heroes of romances and tragedies.

During the representation of a new piece at the French opera-house, a quarrel chanced to arise between the pages of the king, and those of some of the princes of the blood. One of them, a youth about ten or twelve years of age, was knocked out of the box in which they were, and fell into the pit, carrying with him the peruke of a grave gentleman who happened to sit near him.—"My good little fellow," said the gentleman, "I wish, when you fall, you would take care what you do."—"I ask your pardon," said the page, as soon as he got to the bottom, "I do assure you I did not do it on purpose."

For the *New-York Weekly Museum.*

AFFECTATION;

Or, A CURE FOR THE SPLEEN.

A TALE—*Drawn from Real Life.*

I once was told a damsel fair,
Who was her parents' darling care,
From long indulgence peevish grown,
Could cry when pleas'd, when pleas'd could frown:
The coquette and the prude affect,
Her views so artfully direct;
That you would think she was sincere,
Whene'er she smil'd or dropt a tear.
Habit at last had form'd her mind,
To change and turn just as the wind;
She oft would feign what ne'er she felt,
And in one moment freeze and melt;
By nature fair but spoil'd by art,
She could almost act any part;
In dress so elegant and neat,
An angel could not look more sweet,
No one could shew a tastier gown,
She was the *belle* of all the town.

One luckless day this pretty maid,
By some mishap herself betray'd;
It seems somehow—(my mem'ry fails
Besides I'm bad at telling tales)
But so it was, this little jade
At last a full confession made,
Which in a letter she did send,
To one—I think she call'd her friend.
I can't the exact story tell,
But here is the original;
Which for the sake of killing time,
One rainy day I turn'd to rhyme,
And if it will afford you pleasure,
You may read it at your leisure.—

"Believe me my much loved Miss,
"I blush while I am writing this;
"You know the love I have for you
"Is very great—indeed 'tis true;
"But I have acted such a part.
"That it has almost broke my heart;
"For when I heard you was unwell,
"I wrung my hands my grief to tell;
"I beat my breast I tore my hair,
"Like one o'erwhelm'd with deep despair,
"Then shriek'd till I could shriek no more,
"And in a swoon dropt on the floor!
"'Help help!'—I heard my parents cry,
"At their commands the servants fly,
"'Run run—the doctor quick—don't stay—
"'My child is dying—haste, away'—

"All now was in confusion thrown,
"And ev'ry hope of life was flown,
"Each face in sabled grief was clad,
"Each eye was moist, each heart was sad,—
"Around my bed in sore amaze,
"My parents stand and sadly gaze,
"Now seem resign'd now burst in tears,
"Express alternate hopes and fears!—

"While thus my friends my fate deplore,
"Wide open flies the parlour door,
"The doctor enter'd in great haste,
"And soon himself beside me plac'd:
"My pulse he felt, then shook his head,
"Seem'd half to smile, but nothing said;
"With critic eye survey'd my face,
"And seem'd my very thoughts to trace:
"He own'd the symptoms "wond'rous strange,"
"But thought he could "effect a change,"
"Then from his case he drew his lance,
"And I—awoke out of my trance!—

"Sorrow now fled from every eye,
"Each clouded brow turn'd into joy;
"Gratulation from great and small,
"Was heard resounding through the hall,
"And when all thought my danger fled,
"The doctor said I must be bled?
"The thoughts of bleeding made me shiv'r,
"And I declar'd I felt quite clev'r;
"So up I jumpt brisk as a mouse,
"The doctor laugh'd and left the house!—
"Astonishment now seiz'd each breast,
"And for a while each tongue suppress't;
"So great so sudden the surprise,
"No one could scarce believe his eyes:
"But Oh! what torments wrung my heart,
"When all at last cried out "what art!"—
"Guilt, conscious guilt sat in my look,
"I felt like one that's thunder-struck!
"Then like a sinner in distress,
"Confess'd my guilt and wickedness.—

(To be concluded in our next.)

Speculations by Tom Fickle.

No. VI.

"The work unfinished and neglected lies."—Virgil.

Had not my readers been informed of the peculiarity of my disposition, I should deem it necessary to apologise for the abrupt discontinuance of my speculations. This was no more than they had reason to apprehend from the mutability of my temper. I cannot however forbear doing myself the justice to inform them, that in this instance I did not give way to my unfortunate propensity. The reason is, I have again taken chambers. The circumstances which led to this, I shall never forget, as they almost reduced me to despair. Returning home about four one morning, from a debauch in which I had been engaged the night before, I was going up to my room, in perfect security as I supposed, when I was met by my uncle on the stairs. He stopped and gave me a look which sealed my lips in silence, I went to my room in the utmost perplexity, fearing, from the strict œconomy of my uncle's house, the consequences of the discovery would be to me of a serious nature; for after this it was impossible he should not know that this was what I had been sometime in the practice of. In a few days when he had returned from the country, for thither he had gone on the morning of my misfortune, my uncle called me to him in the library. "Tom" says he "thou graceless dog, I fear thou art on the brink of ruin. I was not till this morning, acquainted with thy midnight revelling and debauchery. I would have you know, young man, that the œconomy of my house admits not any of these irregularities. When I allowed you to return to town, it was that you might see the world, become acquainted with men and be made a useful member of society, but instead of improving your time to this advantage, I find you in the height of dissipation, squandering and throwing it away together with your fortune. Return then to your retirement and before you again solicit leave to reside in town, learn to refrain from those monstrous excesses in which your companions indulge, and which you it seems have learned to imitate." During this speech of my uncle, I was overwhelmed with confusion. The tears started in my eyes, and I was about to make some reply, when he left the room bidding me prepare to set out in a week from that time.

This unlooked for change in my fortune, plunged me into gloom and melancholly. I looked upon a return to those walls in which I had so lately experienced so much anxiety and care a transition almost as great as from life to death. My pleasures were vanished, and nothing but solitude, a gloomy solitude was before me. Complaints were useless. I knew my uncle was inflexible and that there was no alternative, but to obey his mandate. When the time for my departure arrived, he bid me a cold adieu, and I set off with a heavy heart, the sole companion of my journey.

My calamity has not yet left me complete master of my spirits; though I am in some measure reconciled to my fate, I will attempt however, to muster up enough to continue my speculations, and propose to furnish, as formerly, from this place a weekly sheet of them.

From my chamber,
Feb. 24, 1806.

It is a severe remark of St. Evermond, that the last sighs of a pretty woman, are more for the loss of her beauty than the loss of her life.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO MY MOTHER.

WHO was my guide in infancy?
Who kept my feet lest I should stray?
Who striv'd each inward grief t'smother?
My heart replies, thee my Mother.

When by distress and sickness torn,
When life's frail lamp did dimbly burn;
Who cheer'd the path of misery?
My heart replies, my Mother, thee.

Who was't did ev'ry want supply?
And wip'd the pearl drop from my eye—
When sighs my bosom rent in twain,
My heart replies, 'twas thee again.

My Mother—oh! revered name—
My heart for thee still beats the same,
As when in lisping accents sprung,
Thy dear name from my infant tongue.

Borne down with age, opprest with grief,
In me, oh! may't thou find relief;
To cheer the eve of life's sad day,
And drive corroding cares away.

W. F. H.

New-York,
Feb. 24, 1806.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

"THE Baltimore papers state that Mr. *Paterson*, the much esteemed and respected father of Madame *Jerome Bonaparte*, has wisely forborne to allow his princely son-in-law any more than the interest of the sum which he has set apart as the marriage dower of his daughter."

We read the above paragraph with the highest satisfaction. But we think it would have been doing his daughter no more than act of common justice, to have withheld, from the *soi disant* Prince, every shilling of her money. A man who can so far forget the ties of honour which should bind him to his wife; who can forsake an amiable and accomplished woman, to pursue the baubles of mushroom royalty; who can forsake the encircling arms of a virtuous and lovely wife, to crouch beneath the footstool of an Usurper's throne, deserves, and will receive, the execration and contempt of every vistuous heart. When he wooed her to his arms, he sought her affections with all the endearing vows of honor ond of love; he promised in the sight of the ETERNAL GOD, to cherish and protect her, until the hand of death should seperate them: She believed he was sincere, and in an evil hour, yielded herself a victim to his perfidious heart. This should serve as an important lesson to our lovely country-women, to spurn from their hearts the first emotions of love for a stranger, whose principles are unknown, and whose government sanctions the violation of a marriage vow; who views this sacred contract but as a bond, which, at any time, may be cancelled. As Miss *Patterson* was the first American lady who looked up to princely honours, we cannot but confess that we feel, in some measure, pleased at her disappointment—it will be a beacon to others to avoid the shoal on which her hopes have been lost. We want not, in America, Princes or Nobles. The gems of an American are, an honest and virtuous heart, alive to the feelings of suffering humanity, and a mind capable of estimating justly those imitable rights and blessings which he derives from Nature, and which is secured to him by the constitution of his country.

MARIVEAUX

THE French Novelist, though wonderfully alembicated in his manner of writing, was not so in his character. When he was once accosted by a very stout beggar to give him alms, said, "My good friend, I wonder you beg; why dont you work, as you appear to be able?" "Alas! sir," replied the beggar, "if you did but know how idle I am." "Well," replied Mariveaux, giving him half a crown, "go your way; go your way, you are an honest fellow.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 8, 1806.

The city inspector reports the death of 40 persons, (of whom 14 were men, 10 women, 9 boys, and 7 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. In childbed 1, of consumption 6 (3 men aged 30, 32, and 60; and 3 women aged 19, 45, and 71 years) convulsions 7, decay 6, dropsey 2, drowned 2, epilepsy 1, typhus fever 2, hives 3, jaundice 1, old age 1, palsey 3, rupture of a blood vessel 1, sprue 1, still-born 1, and 2 of sudden death. 8 were under the age of 1 year, 4 between 1 and 2, 3 between 2 and 5, 1 between 5 and 10, 1 between 10 and 20, 2 between 20 and 30, 8 between 30 and 40, 6 between 40 and 50, 1 between 50 and 60, 2 between 60 and 70, 2 between 70 and 80, and 2 between 80 and 90.

We are informed, that letters are received in town, mentioning, that an unfortunate occurrence lately took place on board of an American frigate in the Mediterrancan. A captain of marines is said to have been run through the body with a sword and killed, by an officer of high rank in the navy, for having remonstrated to his superior on the impropriety of his ordering one of the marines to be flogged. *N. Y. Gaz.*

A letter from Philadelphia says, that it was Captain Gale, of the Mariners, who was run through by Captain Rogers, on board one of the United States' frigates; and that Capt. R. was in arrest. *Ib*

At Norfolk, on Friday night the 21st ult about the hour of 11 o'clock, a barber by the name of M'Kinnan, and who is upwards of 60 years of age, went to the house of Mrs Everitt, a widow in Bank Street, and having some altercation with her, stabbed her in the left breast with a sharp pointed instrument, which immediately put an end to her existence—A man who was in the place at the time, and who attempted to arrest the murderer, was also stabbed by him in the breast, but not to endanger his life.—We are sorry to remark that this diabolical assassin has made his escape.

The British ship Endymion, captain Campbell, from New-York for Jamaica, struck on the rocks at the west end of Bermuda on the 11th of February; the captain, crew, and part of the cargo saved—vessel lost.

STOCKBRIDGE, Feb. 22.

Execution—On Thursday last Ephraim Wheeler was executed at *Lenox*, pursuant to his sentence, for a rape upon his daughter. He had been extremely stupid, and insensible to his awful situation, probably from a secret hope of escaping his fate, till a few days before his execution. During the public exercises of the day, and on the gallows, he was much affected, and apparently penitent: but behaved on the whole with a decent composure. He persisted to the last, in denying the commission of the crime, for which he suffered: Different opinions, therefore, will be entertained, as to the justness of his punishment; but he was convicted, after a fair and candid trial, upon the clearest and most positive testimony, he must have been guilty, or the prosecutors and witnesses must be attrocious *perjurers, conspirators*, and *murderers*; to the Searcher of all hearts, we must leave him and them. A penitent and solemn discourse was delivered by the Rev. Samuel Shepard of Lenox, from the last part of the 30th verse of the XIVth Chapter of Matthews, "*Lord save me;*" to an immense number of people that attended on the occasion.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MAY Heaven propitious ev'ry ill repress,
Each year encrease their mutual happiness;
May purest joys on all their lives attend,
And all their virtues to their race descend.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Millers Mr. William Valentine, of Hempstead Harbour, Long Island, to Miss Phoebe Meyers, eldest daughter of James J Meyers, of this city.

On Saurday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr George Graham, to Miss Eliza Brasch, daugter of Mr. John Brasch, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Garret Eoff, to Miss Catharine Bain, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Don Joseph Cadis, of the Island of Cuba, to Miss Esther Davis, of this city.

MORTALITY.

LIKE leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth now withering to the ground,
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.

DIED,

In January last, at Kingston Jamaica of the malignant fever, Mr George Bucanon, son of the late Mr. John Bucanon of this city.

At Demarara, on the 1st of January last, Miss Eliza Apthorp, daughter of the late Charles Apthorp Esq. of this city.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. John M'Nab, after a lingering illness, in the 56th year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, after a few days illness, Mr. Nathaniel Bloodgood, merchant, of this city.

On Monday evening last, in the 51st year of her age Mrs. Mary Egbert, wife of Mr. Benjamin Egbert merchant of this city. Her illness, though long and painful, she bore with the patient resignation of a real Christian; as an affectionate wife, tender mother, and sincere friend and companion, she was equalled by few & surpassed by none; on Tuesday evening her remains, attended by a numerous and respectable body of Citizens, was intered in the Presbyterian burial ground.

COME, Resignation; wipe the human tear,
Domestic anguish drops o'er Virtue's bier.
Bid selfish sorrow hush the fond complaint—
Nor from the God she lov'd detain the saint.
Truth, meekness, patience, honor'd shade were thine,
And holy hope, and charity divine;
Though these thy forfeit being could not save
Thy faith subdued the terrors of the grave.
Oh! if the living excellence could teach,
Death has a loftier emphasis of speech:
In death thy last best lesson still impart,
And Write PREPARE TO DIE on ev'ry heart.

We are desired to contradict the marriage of Mr. William Thompson to Miss Rachel Dover, which appeared in the Museum of last week.

25,000 *DOLLARS HIGHEST PRIZE.*

For Sale at this Office,

TICKETS IN THE 4th *CLASS LOTTERY*

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF

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FILES,

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1805,

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☞A few servants on the books well recommended. Those persons who wish to apply for places as above, is requested to produce satisfactory references.

Jan. 4, 1806. 881—tf.

COURT OF APOLLO.

JUDGE IF MY WIFE IS A SCOLD.

Of sayings, no doubt, some are false and some true
For by musty old proverbs we're told,
That in females you'll find—and the story's not new—
A sharp elbow's a sign of a scold.

'Tis thus speaks the proverb in anger and spite;
But to answer it I will make bold:
I can prove that untrue is this saying so trite—
That sharp elbows are signs of a scold.

To vindicate virtue I come volunteer,
And soon my short tale will unfold;
For sharp elbows has one whom to me is most dear—
Yet Nancy my wife is no scold.

In her fair perfections each pleasure I find,
In her form every beauty behold;
Her manners are mild, sweet content fills her mind,
Then judge if my wife is a scold.

O fairest of women! thus blest with thy charms,
Could I e'er to your merits prove cold,
Could I e'er quit the happiness found in thy arms,
I deserve to be curst with a scold.

But no, dearest Nancy! on thy fost'ring breast,
Form'd in Nature's most exquisite mould,
At night I will lull my sorrows to rest,
And smile at the thoughts of a scold.

Then no more let this stigma to beauty remain,
No more let the proverb be told;
Nor more let be spoke what to virtue gives pain,
For sharp elbows *don't* point out a scold.

EPIGRAM.

Jos Sprightly once courted a beautiful maid,
She ask'd "Had he formed a connexion in trade?"
"Not yet," he replied, "but I have one in view,
For I hope to become *sleeping partner* with you."

THE FORTUNATE DINNER.

A poor unbeneficed Clergyman, being in want of a dinner, bethought himself of paying a visit to *Lambeth* Palace, where it was, in the days of the beer-drinking Britains, a custom from time immemorial to keep an open table for casual visitants. After he had dined, being rather dissatisfied because the servant, who supplied him with victuals, had entirely forgotten his *drink*, he desired the favor of pen, ink, and paper, when he wrote the following lines for his Grace's perusal.

Piscis in disco
Mihi datur,
Ab Archipisco-

po sed non ponatur,
Quia non mihi BIBERE datur.

The Prelate, after reading the paper, sent for the writer, and desired a translation, which was immediately given.

They sent me a fish
In a dish,
From the Archbish-

op was omitted here,
Because there was no BEER,

With this conceit, his grace was so well pleased, that he bestowed a good living on its author.

MAXIM.

CENSURE is like a hog; and it is as much impossible for a man to guard his reputation from the attacks of the one as it is to protect his enclosures from the depredations of the other.

N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder pure Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

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Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that add all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

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January 5, 1805. 853. 1y.

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July 13, 1805. 864 tf.

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